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Publications of the Spenser Society.

ISSUE NO. 8.

A

HANDEFULL

OF

PLEASANT DELITES

BY

CLEMENT ROBINSON

AND DIVERS OTHERS

REPRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITION OF 1584

PRINTED FOR THE SPENSER SOCIETY

1871

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INTRODUCTION.

TO the reprint of Clement Robinson's *Handefull of Pleasant Delites* which Mr. T. Park edited for the *Heliconia* (part ii. 1814), he prefixed an Advertisement, which, in justice to him, we deem it necessary to repeat on this occasion.

The following miscellany has been noticed in *Censura Literaria*, vol. i. 267, and vi. 258, where the title and two excerpts were given. Mr. Ellis introduced another extract into the third edition of his *Specimens of the early English Poets*, and Mr. Evans inserted a few others in the republication of his father's collection of old ballads. These, like the present reprint, must all have been derived from different transcripts; since one copy only of the printed original is known to be extant, which was long in the possession of Colonel Byng, and is now in the Marquis of Blandford's valuable library. This volume will be found to consist of pieces in a ballad strain of poetry, very different from what the *Gorgious Gallery* exhibited; being written in general with a modernised tone of versification, which must render them more pleasing to modern readers. Some few indeed may aspire to be praised for higher merit than mere smoothness of verse; particularly that commencing at p. 53, [page 43, *post*] which

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claims commendation for apposite metaphor, sarcastic sportiveness, ingenious illustration, and moral inference. Nearly the whole of them had the disadvantage of being composed to cramp and quaint measures, for the purpose of being sung to certain tunes then in vogue. This was occasionally the practice with other writers in the musical and poetical period of Elizabeth: in some cases perhaps, to make their verses more vendible; but in others, to improve the morals of the age, by the adaptation of serious or sacred words to tunes that had been the vehicles of levity or grossness. Such was the avowed design of John Hall, in his *Courte of Vertue*, 1564; such seems to have been the intention of the *Godly and Spirituall Ballates*, printed at Edinburgh in 1597; and such has been the plan pursued by Mr. Plumptre of Clare hall, Cambridge, in his estimable collection of *Songs*, original and compiled.

In the stationers' registers for 1565 was licensed to R. Johnes "a boke intituled, Of very pleaſaunte Sonnettes and Storyes in myter, by *Clement Robynſon*." This looks like an early entry of the present work, though the date does not correspond. In Maunsell's *Catalogue of Engliſh printed books*, 1595, was entered "A Tower of Truſtineſſe, wherein every Chriſtian, fighting under the banner of Chriſt, may defend himſelſe againſt the cruell aſſaults of his Enemies; compiled, in verſe and proſe, by *Leonard Gibſon*."

These two are the only names among the poetical associates in this publication, of which I can discover any trace elsewhere. Thomas Richardson, Peter Picks, J. Tomson, and George Mannington, are unregistered on our muster-roll of Elizabethan poets. Their productions, however, seem not unworthy of being preserved in more than *one* printed copy, and they are accordingly rescued from future mischance of oblivion, by incorporation in the HELICONIA. T. P.

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Most unfortunately, so far as the value of the reprint in the *Heliconia* was concerned, Robinson's *Handefull* was taken from a very inaccurate transcript of the original unique copy, and without, as it appears, any collation being made with the printed book as the sheets passed through the press. The reproduction therefore, in that [i. e. Park's] elegant but very incorrect publication, may be said to be nearly worthless. Whole lines are omitted; misprints, with some times editorial notes upon them as if they were the actual text, occur in almost every other page; and the punctuation neither represents that of the original work nor of any intelligible system. In some cases the errors are characterized by an ingenuity of perversion, as on page 70 (page 55, *post*), where "sleep to cares" is substituted for "stinted eares" and, in the next line, "naught is wiles" for "fraught with wiles."

The unique and precious volume itself, one of the most prized of the poetical book gems of the Elizabethan period, but which is unfortunately deficient of one leaf, passed successively through the hands of Colonel Byng, the Marquis of Blandford, Mr. Perry, and Mr. Jolley, to those of the Rev. Thomas Corser, M.A.; and to his liberality the SPENSER SOCIETY owes the privilege of being enabled to give for the first time a faithful reproduction of this most interesting collection of early songs and ballads, certainly not the least important or attractive in the series from Tottel's *Miſcellany* to Davisons' *Poetical Rapsody*.

To the little gleaned by Mr. Park in reference to

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Clement Robinson and his associates, it is to be regretted that, notwithstanding application made in various quarters which appeared likely to afford it, no further information can be added; except that Mr. Hazlitt, in his valuable *Handbook* (1567, 8vo), under the heading of Clement Robinson has included the following tract in the possession of Henry Huth, esq.: "*The true diſcripcion of this marveilous ſtraunge Fiſh which was taken on Thurſday was ſennight the* xvj *day of June this preſent month in the year of our Lord God* M.D.LXIX. Finis quod C. R. Imprynted at London in Fleetſtreate, beneathe the Conduit at the ſigne of Saint John Euangeliſt, by Thomas Colwell."

A large proportion of the notes and illustrations which Mr. Park has subjoined to the reprint in the *Heliconia*, would be considered at the present day as trite or superfluous. A selection therefore only has been given.

J. C.

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A Handefull of pleasant delites,

Containing sundrie new Sonets and delectable Histories, in diuers kindes of Meeter.

Newly deuised to the newest tunes that are now in vse, to be sung: euerie Sonet orderly pointed to his proper Tune.

With new additions of certain Songs, to verie late deuised Notes, not commonly knowen, nor vsed heretofore,

By Clement Robinson, and diuers others.

¶AT LONDON
Printed by Richard Ihones : dwelling at the signe of the Rose and Crowne, neare Holburne Bridge
1584.

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The Printer to

the Reader.

YOu that in Muſicke do delight
your minds for to ſolace :
This little booke of Sonets may
wel like you in that caſe,
Peruſe it wel ere you paſſe by,
here may you wiſh and haue,
Such pleaſaut ſongs to ech new tune,
as lightly you can craue.
Or if fine Hiſtories you would reade,
you need not far to ſeek :
Within this booke ſuch may you haue,
as Ladies may wel like.
Here may you haue ſuch pretie thinges,
as women much deſire :
Here may you haue of ſundrie ſorts,
ſuch Songs as you require.
Wherefore my friend, if you regnrd,
ſuch Songs to reade or heare :
Doubt not to buy this pretie Booke,
the price is not ſo deare.

Farewell.

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A Nosegaie alvvaies

sweet, for Louers to send for Tokens, of loue, at Newyeres tide, or for fairings, as they in their minds shall be disposed to write.

A Nosegaie lacking flowers fresh,
to you now I do send.
Desiring you to look thereon,
when that you may intend:
For flowers fresh begin to fade,
and Boreas in the field,
Euen with his hard coniealed frost,
no better flowers doth yeeld:
¶ But if that winter could haue sprung,
a sweeter flower than this,
I would haue sent it presently
to you withouten misse:
Accept this then as time doth serue,
be thankful for the same,
Despise it not, but keep it well,
and marke ech flower his name.
¶ Lauander is for louers true,
which euermore be faine:
Desiring alwaies for to haue,
some pleasure for their pain:
And when that they obtained haue,
the loue that they require,
Then haue they al their perfect ioie,
and quenched is the fire.

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¶ Roſemarie is for remembrance,
betweene vs daie and night:
Wiſhing that I might alwaies haue,
you preſent in my ſight.
And when I cannot haue,
as I haue ſaid before,
Then Cupid with his deadly dart,
doth wound my heart full ſore.
¶ Sage is for ſuſtenance,
that ſhould mans life ſuſtaine,
For I do ſtil lie languiſhing,
continually in paine,
And ſhall do ſtil vntil I die,
except thou fauour ſhow:
My paine and all my greeuous ſmart,
ful wel you do it know.
¶ Fenel is for flatterers,
an euil thing it is ſure:
But I haue alwaies meant truely,
with conſtant heart moſt pure:
And will continue in the ſame,
as long as life doth laſt,
Still hoping for a joiful daie,
when all our paines be paſt.
¶ Violet is for faithfulneſſe,
which in me ſhall abide:
Hoping likewiſe that from your heart,
you wil not let it ſlide.
And wil continue in the ſame,
as you haue nowe begunne:

And

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And then for euer to abide,
then you my heart haue wonne.
¶ Time is to trie me,
as eth be tried muſt,
tting you know while life doth laſt,
I wil not be vniuſt,
And if I ſhould I would to God,
to hell my ſoule ſhould beare.
And eke alſo that Belzebub,
with teeth he ſhould me teare.
¶ Roſes is to rule me.
with reaſon as you will,
For to be ſtill obedient,
your minde for to fulfill:
And thereto will not diſagree,
in nothing that you ſay:
But will content your mind truely,
in all things that I may.
¶ Ieliflowers is for gentleneſſe,
which in me ſhall remaine:
Hoping that no ſedition ſhal,
depart our hearts in twaine.
As ſoone the ſunne ſhal looſe his courſe,
the moone againſt her kinde,
Shall haue no light, if that I do
once put you from my minde.
¶ Carnations is for gratiouſneſſe,
marke that now by the way,
Haue no regard to flatterers,
nor paſſe not what they ſay.

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For they will come with lying tales,
  your eares for to fulfil:
In anie case do you consent,
  nothing vnto their wil.
¶ Marigolds is for marriage,
  that would our minds suffise,
Least that suspition of vs twaine,
  by anie meanes should rise:
As for my part, I do not care,
  my self I wil stil vse,
That all the women in the world,
  for you I will refuse.
¶ Peniriall is to print your loue,
  so deep within my heart:
That when you look this Nosegay on,
  my pain you may impart,
And when that you haue read the same,
  consider wel my wo,
Think ye then how to recompence,
  euen him that loues you so.
¶ Cowsloppes is for counsell,
  for secrets vs between,
That none but you and I alone,
  should know the thing we meane:
And if you wil thus wisely do,
  as I think to be best:
Then haue you surely won the field,
  and set my heart at rest.
I pray you keep this Nosegay wel,
  and set by it some store:

And

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to ſundrie new Tunes.

And thus farewel, the Gods thee guide,
both now and euermore.
Not as the common ſort do vſe,
to ſet it in your breſt:
That when the ſmel is gone away,
on ground he takes his reſt.

FINIS.

L. Gibſons Tantara, wherin Danea welcommeth home her Lord Diophon frō the war.

To the tune of, Down right Squire.

YOu Lordings, caſt off your weedes of (wo
me thinks I heare
A trūpet ſhrill which plain doth ſhow
my Lord is neare:
Tantara tara tantara,
this trumpet glads our hearts,
Therefore to welcome home your King,
you Lordings plaie your parts,
Tantara tara tantara, &c.
¶ Harke harke, me thinkes I heare again,
this trumpets voice,
He is at hand this is certaine,
wherefore reioice.
Tantara tara tantara, &c.
this trumpet ſtill doth ſay,
With trumpets blaſt, all dangers paſt,
doth ſhew in Marſhall ray.

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¶A ioifull ſight my hearts delight,
my Diophon deere:
Thy comely grace, I do embrace,
with ioiful cheere:
Tantara tara tantara,
what pleaſant ſound is this,
Which brought to me with victorie,
my ioy and onely bliſſe.
Tantara tara tantara, &c.

Diophon.

My Queene and wife, my ioy and life
in whom I minde:
In euery part, the truſtieſt hart,
that man can finde.
Tantara tara tantara,
me thinks I heare your praiſe,
Your vertues rare in euerie place,
which trumpet ſo doth raiſe.
Tantara tara tantara, &c.
¶ Now welcome home to Siria ſoile,
from battered field:
That valiantly thy foes did foile,
with ſpeare and ſhield:
Tantara tara tantara,
me thinks I heare it ſtill,
Thy ſounding praiſe, abroad to raiſe,
with trump that is moſt ſhrill,
Tantara tara tantara, &c.
¶If honour and fame, O noble Dame,
ſuch deeds do aſke:

Then

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to ſundrie new Tunes.

Then Diophon here to purchaſe ſame,
hath done this taſke:
Tantara tara tantara,
returnd he is againe,
To leade his life, with thee his wife,
in ioie without diſdaine.
Tantara tara tantara, &c.
Finis. L. G.

¶ A proper new Song made by a Studient in Cambridge, To the tune of I wiſh to ſee thoſe happie daies.

I Which was once a happie wight,
and hie in Fortunes grace:
And which did ſpend my golden prime,
in running pleaſures race,
Am now enforſt of late,
contrariwiſe to mourne,
Since fortune ioies, into annoies,
my former ſtate to turne.
¶ The toiling oxe, the horſe, the aſſe,
haue time to take their reſt,
Yea all things elſe which Nature wrought,
ſometimes haue ioies in breſt:
Saue onelie I and ſuch
which vexed are with paine:
For ſtill in teares, my life it weares,
and ſo I muſt remaine.
¶ How oft haue I in folded armes,
enioied my delight,

How

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How oft haue I excuſes made,
of her to haue a ſight?
But now to fortunes wil,
I cauſed am to bow.
And for to reape a hugie heape,
which youthful yeares did ſow.
¶ Wherefore all ye which do as yet,
remaine and bide behind:
Whoſe eies dame beauties blazing beams,
as yet did neuer blind.
Example let me be,
to you and other more:
Whoſe heauie hart, hath felt the ſmart,
ſubdued by Cupids lore.
¶ Take heed of gazing ouer much,
on Damſels faire vnknowne:
For oftentimes the Snake doth lie,
with roſes ouergrowde:
And vnder faireſt flowers,
do noiſome Adders lurke:
Of whom take heed, I thee areed:
leaſt that thy cares they worke.
¶ What though that ſhe doth ſmile on thee,
perchance ſhee doth not loue:
And though ſhe ſmack thee once or twice,
ſhe thinks thee ſo to prooue,
And when that thou doſt thinke,
ſhe loueth none but thee:
She hath in ſtore, perhaps ſome more,
which ſo deceiued be,

Truſt

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to ſundrie new Tunes.

¶ Truſt not therefore the outward ſhew
beware in anie caſe:
For good conditions do not lie,
where is a pleaſant face:
But if it be thy chaunce,
a louer true to haue:
Be ſure of this, thou ſhalt not miſſe,
ech thing that thou wilt craue.
¶ And when as thou (good Reader) ſhalt
peruſe this ſcrole of mine:
Let this a warning be to thee,
and ſaie a friend of thine,
Did write thee this of loue,
and of a zealous mind:
Becauſe that he ſufficiently,
hath tried the female kind.
¶ Here Cambridge now I bid farewell,
adue to Students all:
Adue vnto the Colledges,
and vnto Gunuil Hall:
And you my fellowes once,
pray vnto Ioue that I
May haue releek, for this my griek,
and ſpeedie remedie.
¶And that he ſhield you euerichone,
from Beauties luring looks:
Whoſe baite hath brought me to my baine,
and caught me from my Books:
Wherefore, for you, my praier ſhall be,
to ſend you better grace,

That

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Sonets and Hiſtories,

That modeſtie with honeſtie,
may guide your youthfull race.

Finis quod Thomas Richardſon, ſometime
Student in Cambridge.

¶The ſcoffe of a Ladie, as pretie as may be,
to a yong man that went a wooing:
He wēt ſtil about her,& yet he wēt without
becauſe he was ſo long a dooing. (her,

ATtend thee, go play thee,
Sweet loue I am buſie:
my ſilk and twiſt is not yet ſpun:
My Ladie will blame me,
If that ſhe ſend for me,
and find my worke to be vndun:
How then?
How ſhall I be ſet me?
To ſay loue did let me?
Fie no, it will not fit me,
It were no ſcuſe for me.
¶If loue were attained,
My ioies were vnfained,
my ſeame and ſilke wil take no hold:
Oft haue I beene warned,
By others proofe learned:
hote wanton loue ſoone waxeth cold,
Go now:
I ſay go pack thee,
Or my needle ſhal prick thee:

Go

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to sundrie new Tunes.

Go seeke out Dame Idle:
More fit for thy bridle,
More fit for thy bridle.
¶ Wel worthie of blaming,
For thy long detaining,
all vaine it is that thou hast done:
Best now to be wandring,
Go vaunt of thy winning,
and tell thy Dame what thou hast won:
Say this:
Then say as I bade thee:
That the little dogge Fancie,
Lies chaste without moouing,
And needeth no threatning,
For feare of wel beating.
For feare of wel beating.
¶ The boy is gone lurking,
Good Ladies be working,
dispatch a while that we had done,
The tide will not tarrie,
All times it doth varie,
The day doth passe, I see the Sun,
The frost bites faire flowers,
Lets worke at due howres,
Haste, haste, and be merie,
Till our needles be werie.
Till our needles be werie,
¶ Now Ladies be merie,
Because you are werie:
leaue worke I say, and get you home,
Your

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Your buſinelle is ſlacking,
Your louer is packing:
your anſwer hath cut off his comb.
How then?
The fault was in him ſir,
He wooed it ſo trim ſir,
Alas poore ſeelie fellow,
Make much of thy pillow.
Make much of thy pillow. Finis.

An anſwer as pretie to the ſcof of his Lady,
by the yongman that came a wooing,
Wherein he doth flout her,
Being glad he went without her,
Miſliking both her and her dooing.

ALas Loue, why chaſe ye?
Why fret ye, why fume ye?
to me it ſeemeth verie ſtrange,
Ye thinks ye miſuſe me,
So ſoone to reũſe me,
vnleſſe you hope of better change:
Wel, wel:
Wel now, I perceiue ye,
You are mindful to leaue me:
Now ſure it doth grieue me:
That I am vnworthie:
That I am vnworthie.
¶ I mean not to let ye, nor I can not forget
it wil not ſo out of my minde: (ye,
My loue is not daintie, I ſee you haue plenty
that ſet ſo little by your friend.

Goe

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Goe too ſpin on now I pray you, I liſt not to
I will goe play me: (ſtay,
I am vnfit for you, &c.
Leaue off to flout now, & pick on your clout
you are a daintie Dame indeed, (now
And though of your tauting, I may make my
as bad or worſe thā I ſhal ſpeed: (vaunting
Sweet heart, though now you forſake it.
I truſt you wil take it:
and ſure I ſpak it, as fine as you make it, &c
Now wil I be trudging, without anie grud=
I am content to giue you ground: (ging
Good reſon doth bind me, to leue you behind
for you are better loſt than found: (me,
Go play, go ſeeke out Dame pleaſure:
You are a trim treaſure,
Wiſe women be daintie,
Of fooles there be plentie, &c.
¶ If I might aduiſe ye, few words ſhuld ſuf=
& yet you ſhold beſtow them wel: (fice ye
Maids muſt be manerly, not ful of ſcurility,
wherein I ſee you do excel,
Farewel good Nicibicetur,
God ſend you a ſweeter,
A luſtie lim lifter, you are a trim ſhifter, &c.

Finis. Peter Picks.

¶ Dame Beauties replie to the Louer late at libertie: and now complaineth himſelfe to be her captiue, Intituled: Where is the life that late I led.

The

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THe like that erſt thou ledſt my friend,
was pleaſant to thine eies:
But now the loſſe of libertie,
thou ſeemeſt to deſpiſe.
Where then thou ioiedſt thy will,
now thou doeſt grudge in heart:
Then thou no paine nor griefe didſt feele,
but now thou pineſt in ſmart.
What mooued thee vnto loue,
expreſſe and tell the ſame:
Saue fancie thine, that heapt thy paine,
thy follie learne to blame.
¶ For when thou freedome didſt enioie,
thou gaueſt thy ſelfe to eaſe,
And letſt ſelf-will the ruling beare,
thy fancie fond to pleaſe:
Then ſtealing Cupid came,
with bow and golden dart:
He ſtruck the ſtroke, at pleaſure he
that now doth paine thy hart:
Blame not the Gods of loue,
But blame thy ſelf thou maiſt:
For freedome was diſdaind of thee,
and bondage more thou waieſt.
¶ Who liſt, thou ſaiſt. to liue at reſt,
and freedome to poſſeſſe:
The ſight of gorgeous Dames muſt ſhun,
leaſt loue do them diſtreſſe:
Thou blameſt Cupidoes craft,
who ſtrikes in ſtealing ſort:

And

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And lets thee midst the princely Dames,
of Beauties famous fort:
And meaning wel thou saiest,
as one not bent to loue,
Then Cupid he constrains thee yeeld,
as thou thy self canst prooue.
¶ Faire Ladies lookes in libertie,
enlarged not thy paine:
Ne yet the sight of gorgeous Dames,
could cause thee thus complaine.
It was thy self indeed,
that cauld thy pining woe,
Thy wanton wil, and idle minde,
cauld Cupid strike the blow:
Blame not his craft, nor vs
that Beauties darlings be,
Accuse thy selfe to seeke thy care,
thy fancie did agree.
¶ There is none thou saist, that can
more truely iudge the case:
Than thou that hast the wound receiu'de,
by sight of Ladies face.
Her beautie thee bewitcht,
thy minde that erst was free:
Her corps so comely framd, thou saiest,
did force thee to agree:
Thou gauest thy self it seemes,
her bondman to abide,
Before that her good willingnesse,
of thee were knowen and tride.

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What iudgement canſt thou giue:
how doſt thou plead thy caſe:
It was not ſhe that did thee wound,
although thou ſeeſt her face:
Ne could her beautie ſo,
inchaunt or vex thy ſpirites,
Ne feature hers ſo comely framde,
could weaken ſo thy wits.
But that thou mightſt haue ſhowne
the cauſe to her indeede,
Who ſpares to ſpeak, thy ſelf doſt know,
doth faile of grace to ſpeede.
¶ By this thou ſaieſt, thou ſoughtſt ye means
of torments that you beare,
By this thou wouldeſt men take heede,
and learne of loue to feare:
For taking holde thou telſt,
to flie it is too late,
And no where canſt thou ſhrowd thy ſelf,
but Care muſt be thy mate.
Though loue do pleaſure ſeeme,
yet plagues none ſuch there are:
Therefore all louers now thou willt,
of liking to be ware.
¶ Thy ſelf hath ſought the meane and way,
and none but thou alone:
Of all the grief and care you beare,
as plainely it is ſhowne:
Then why ſhould men take heed,
thy counſell is vnfit:

Thou

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to ſundrie new Tunes.

Thou ſparedſt to ſpeak, and faildſt to ſpeed,
thy will had baniſht wit.
And now thou blameſt loue,
and Ladies faire and free:
And better loſt than found my frind,
your cowards heart we ſee. Finis. I.P.

A new Courtly Sonet, of the Lady Greenſleeues. To the new tune of Greenſleeues.

Greenſleeues was all my ioy,
Greenſleeues was my delight:
Greenſleeues was my hart of gold,
And who but Ladie Greenſleeues.

ALas my loue, ye do me wrong,
to caſt me off diſcurteoully:
And I haue loued you ſo long,
Delighting in your companie.
Greenſleeues was all my ioy,
Greenſleeues was my delight:
Greenſleeues was my heart of gold,
And who but Ladie Greenſleeues.
¶ I haue been readie at your hand,
to grant what euer you would craue.
I haue both waged life and land,
your loue and good will for to haue.
Greenſleeues was all my ioy, &c.
¶ I bought thee kerchers to thy head,
that were wrought fine and gallantly:

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I kept thee both at boord and bed,
Which coſt my purſe wel fauouredly,
Greenſleeues was al my ioie, &c.
¶ I bought thee peticotes of the beſt,
the cloth ſo fine as fine might be:
I gaue thee iewels for thy cheſt,
and all this coſt I ſpent on thee.
Greenſleeues was all my ioie, &c.
¶ Thy ſmock of ſilk, both faire and white,
with gold embroidered gorgeouſly:
Thy peticote of Sendall right:
and thus I bought thee gladly.
Greenſleeues was all my ioie, &c.
¶ Thy girdle of gold ſo red,
with pearles bedecked ſumptuouſly:
The like no other laſſes had,
and yet thou wouldſt not loue me,
Greenſleeues was all my ioy, &c.
¶ Thy purſe and eke thy gay guilt knifes,
thy pincaſe gallant to the eie:
No better wore the Burgeſſe wiues,
and yet thou wouldſt not loue me.
Greenſleeues was all my ioy, &c.
¶ Thy crimſon ſtockings all of ſilk,
with golde all wrought aboue the knee.
Thy pumps as white as was the milk,
and yet thou wouldſt not loue me.
Greenſleeues was all my ioy, &c.
¶ Thy gown was of the groſſie green,
thy ſleeues of Satten hanging by:

Which

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Which made thee be our haruest Queen,
and yet thou wouldst not loue me.
Greenſleeues was all my ioy, &c.
¶ Thy garters fringed with the golde,
And ſiluer aglets hanging by,
Which made thee blithe for to beholde,
And yet thou wouldst not loue me.
Greenſleeues was all my ioy, &c.
¶ My gayest gelding I thee gaue,
To ride where euer liked thee,
No Ladie euer was ſo braue,
And yet thou wouldst not loue me.
Greenſleeues was all my ioy, &c.
¶ My men were clothed all in green,
And they did euer wait on thee:
Al this was gallant to be ſeen,
and yet thou wouldst not loue me.
Greenſleeues was all my ioy, &c.
¶ They ſet thee vp, they took thee downe,
they ſerued thee with humilitie,
Thy foote might not once touch the ground,
and yet thou wouldst not loue me.
Greenſleeues was all my ioy, &c.
¶ For euerie morning when thou roſe,
I ſent thee dainties orderly:
To cheare thy ſtomack from all woes,
and yet thou wouldst not loue me.
Greenſleeues was all my ioy, &c.
¶ Thou couldst deſire no earthly thing.
But ſtil thou hadst it readily:

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Thy musicke still to play and sing,
And yet thou wouldst not loue me.
Greensleeues was all my ioy, &c.
¶ And who did pay for all this geare,
that thou didst spend when pleased thee?
Euen I that am reiected here,
and thou disdainst to loue me.
Greensleeues was all my ioy, &c.
¶ Wel, I wil pray to God on hie,
that thou my constancie maist see:
And that yet once before I die,
thou wilt vouchsafe to loue me.
Greensleeues was all my ioy, &c.
¶ Greensleeues now farewel adue,
God I pray to prosper thee:
For I am stil thy louer true,
come once againe and loue me.
Greensleeues was all my ioy, &c.

Finis.

A proper sonet, wherin the Louer dolefully sheweth his grief to his L. & requireth pity.

To the tune of, Row wel ye Marriners.

AS one without refuge,
For life doth pleade with panting (breath
And rufully the Iudge,
Beholds (whose doome grants life or (death,
So fare I now my onelie Loue,
Whom I tender as Turtle Doue,
Whose tender looks (O ioly ioy)
Shall win me sure your louing boy:

Faire

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Faire lookes, ſweet Dame,
Or elſe (alas) I take my bane:
Nice talke, coying,
Wil bring me ſure to my ending,
¶ Too little is my ſkil,
By pen (I ſaie) my loue to paint,
And when that my good will,
My tong wold ſhew, my heart doth faint:
Sith both the meanes do faile therefore,
My loue for to expreſſe with lore:
The torments of my inward ſmart.
You may well geſſe within your hart:
Wherefore, ſweet wench,
Some louing words, this heat to quench
Fine ſmiles, ſmirke lookes,
And then I neede no other lookes,
¶ Your gleams hath gript the hart,
alas within my captiue breaſt:
O how I feele the ſmart,
And how I find my grief increaſt:
My fancie is ſo fixt on you,
That none away the ſame can do:
My deer vnleſſe you it remooue:
Without redreſſe I die for loue,
Lament with me,
Ye Muſes nine, where euer be,
My life I loth,
My Ioies are gone, I tel you troth,
¶ All Muſicks ſolemne ſound,
Of ſong, or elſe of inſtrument:

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Me thinks they do reſound,
with doleful tunes, me to lament,
And in my ſleep vnſound, alas,
Me thinks ſuch dreadful things to paſſe:
that out I crie in midſt of dreames,
Wherwith my tears run down as ſtreams,
O Lord, think I,
She is not here that ſhould be by:
What chance is this,
That I embrace that froward is?
¶ The Lions noble minde,
His raging mood (you know) oft ſtaies,
When beaſts do yeeld by kinde,
On them (forſooth) he neuer praies:
Then ſithence that I am your thrall,
To eaſe my ſmart on you I call.
A bloudie conqueſt is your part,
To kill ſo kind a louing heart:
Alas remorſe,
Or preſently I die perforce:
God grant pitie,
Within your breaſt now planted be.
¶ As nature hath you deckt,
with worthie gifts aboue the reſt,
So to your praiſe moſt great,
Let pitie dwell within your breſt,
That I may ſaie with heart and wil,
Lo, this is ſhe that might me kil:
For why? in hand ſhe held the knife,
And yet (forſooth) ſhe ſaued my life.

Hey

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to ſundrie new Tunes.

Hey-ho, darling:
With luſtie loue, now let vs ſing,
Plaie on, Minſtrel,
My Ladie is mine onelie girle.

The Hiſtorie of Diana and Acteon.

To the Quarter Braules.

DIana and her darlings deare,
Walkt once as you ſhall heare:
Through woods and waters cleare,
themſelues to play:
The leaues were gay and green,
And pleaſant to be ſeen:
They went the trees between,
in coole aray,
So long, that at the laſt they found a place,
of waters full cleare:
So pure and faire a Bath neuer was
found many a yeare.
There ſhee went faire and gent,
Her to ſport, as was her wonted ſort:
In ſuch deſirous ſort:,
Thus goeth the report:
Diana daintiouſly began her ſelfe therein to (bathe
And her body for to laue,
So curious and braue.
¶ As they in water ſtood,
Bathing their liuelie blood:
Acteon in the wood,
chaunſt to come by:
And beweb their bodies bare,

Mar-

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Naruaſling what they weare,
And ſtil deuoid of care,
on them caſt his eie:
But when the Nymphs had perceiued him,
aloud then they cried,
Encloſed her, and thought to hide her ſkin,
which he had ſpied:
But too true I tell you,
She ſeene was,
For in height ſhe did paſſe,
Ech Dame of her race,
Harke then Acteons caſe:
Whē Diana did perceue, where Acteon did (ſtand,
She took bowe in her hand,
And to ſhoot ſhe began.
¶ As ſhe began to ſhoot, Acteon ran about,
To hide he thought no boote,
his ſights were dim:
And as he thought to ſcape,
Changed was Acteons ſhape,
Such was vnluckie fate,
yeelded to him:
For Diana brought it thus to paſſe,
and plaied her part,
So that poore Acteon changed was
to a hugie Hart,
And did beare, naught but haire:
In this change,
Which is as true as ſtrange,
And thus did he range,

Abroad

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to ſundrie new Tunes.

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So that his sorrowes importunate,
Had ended his life incontinent,
Had not Lady Venus grace, Lady Lady,
Pitied her poore seruants case,
My deer Ladie.
¶ For when she saw the torments strong,
Wherewith the Knight was sore oppress,
Which he God knowes had suffered long,
Al through this Ladies merciless,
Of their desires she made exchange,
Ladie, Ladie.
And wrought a myracle most strange,
My deer Ladie.
¶ So that this Ladie faithfully,
Did loue this Knight aboue all other:
And he vnto the contrarie,
Did hate her then aboue all measure,
And pitifull she did complaine: ladie, ladie.
Requiring fauour, and might not obtaine.
My deer ladie.
¶ But when she saw, that in no case,
She might vnto his loue attaine:
And that she could not finde some grace,
To ease her long enduring paine,
And yt his hart wold not remoue. Lady, ladie
Without all cure he died for loue, My deer.
¶ Besides these matters maruelous,
One other thing I wil you tell:
Of one whose name was Narcissus,
A man whose beautie doth excel.

Of

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Of natures gifts he had no mille, Lady, lady
He had ye whole of beauties blille, (My deere.
¶So that out of manie a far Countrey,
I reade of manie a woman faire,
Did come this Narcissus to see,
Who perished when they came there,
Through his default I say in fine, lady, lady
Who vnto loue would not incline. My deer.
¶Whose disobedience vnto loue,
When vnto Venus it did appeare.
How that his hart would not remoue,
She punisht him as you shal heare:
A thing most strange forsooth it was,
Ladie, Ladie.
Now harken how it came to passe, My deer.
¶For when he went vpon a daie,
With other mo in strange disguise,
Himself forsooth he did aray
In womans attire of a new deuise,
And ouer a bridge as he did go. Ladie, ladie.
In the water he sawe his own shadow, My.
¶Which when he did perceiue and see,
A Ladie faire he saith it seemeth:
Forgat himself that it was he,
And iudgde that it was Dianaes Nymph,
Who in the waters in such fashion, Lady, la
Did vse themselues for recreation, My deer.
¶And through the beautie of whose looks,
Taken he was with such fond desire,
That after manie humble sutes,
Inconti-

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Incontinent he did aspire.
Unto her grace him to refer, Ladie, Ladie
Trusting ye mercie was in her, My deer, &c.
¶ With armes displaid he took his race,
And leapt into the riuer there,
And thought his Ladie to imbrace,
Being of himselfe, deuoid of feare,
And there was drowned without redresse,
His crueltie rewarded was, (Ladie, Ladie.
with such follie.
¶ Loe, hereby you may perceiue,
How Venus can, and if she please,
Her disobedient Subiects grieue,
And make them drinke their owne disease,
Wherefore rebel not I you wish, Lady, lady.
Least that your chaunce be worse than this,
it worse may be. Finis.

The Louer cōplaineth the losse of his Ladie
To Cicilia Pauin.

HEart, what makes thee thus to be,
in extreame heauinesse?
If care do cause all thy distresse,
Why seekest thou not some redresse,
to ease thy carefulnesse?
Hath Cupid stroke in Venerie,
Thy wofull corps in ieoperdie:
right wel then may I sob and crie, (trie
Til that my Mistresse deer, my faith may
Why would I cloake from her presence,
My loue and faithfull diligence?

And

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And cowardly thus to die.
And cowardly thus to die.
¶ No, no, I wil ſhew my woe,
in this calamitie.
To her whom Nature ſhapte ſo free:
With all Dianaes chaſtitie,
or Venus rare beautie:
Then ſhall I brace felicitie,
And liue in all proſperitie.
then leaue off this woe, let teares go,
thou ſhalt embrace thy Ladie deere w̃ ioy,
In theſe thy armes ſo louingly,
As Paris did faire Helenie.
By force of blinded boy.
By force of blinded boy.
¶ If Venus would grant vnto me,
ſuch happineſſe:
As ſhe did vnto Troylus,
By help of his friend Pandarus,
To Creſsids loue who worſe,
Than all the women certainly:
That euer liued naturally.
Whoſe ſlight falſed faith, the ſtorie ſaith,
Did breed by plagues, her great and ſore di-
For ſhe became ſo leproſie, (ſtreſſe,
That ſhe did die in penurie:
Becauſe ſhe did tranſgreſſe.
Becauſe ſhe did tranſgreſſe.
¶ If ſhe, I ſaie, wil me regard,
in this my ieoperdie,

I

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to ſundrie new Tunes.

I wil ſhew her fidelitie,
And eke declare her curteſie,
to Louers far and nie:
O heart how happie ſhouldſt thou be,
When my Ladie doth ſmile on me:
Whoſe milde merie cheare,
Wil driue away feare,
Cleane from my breſt, and let ioy in ye place
when I ſhall kiſſe ſo tenderly:
Her fingers ſmall and ſlenderly,
which doth my heart ſolace, &c.
Therefore ye amorous imps who burne
ſo ſtil in Cupids fire,
Let this the force of my retire
Example be to your deſire,
That ſo to loue aſpire:
For I did make deniance,
And ſet her at defiance:
Which made me full wo, it chanced ſo,
Becauſe I look at my miſtreſſe ſo coy:
Therefore, when ſhe is merily
Diſpoſed, look you curteoully:
Receiue her for your ioy.
Receiue her for your ioy.

Finis. I. Tomſon.

The Louer compareth ſome ſubtile Suters to the Hunter. To the tune of the Painter.

When as the Hunter goeth out,
with hounds in brace.

C The

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The Hart to hunt, and set about,
with wilie trace,
He doth it more to see and view,
Her wilinesse (I tell you true.)
Her trips and skips, now here, now there,
With squats and flats, which hath no pere.
¶ More than to win or get the game
to beare away:
He is not greedie of the same,
(thus Hunters saie:
So some men hunt by hote desire,
To Venus Dames, and do require
With fauor to haue her, or els they wil die,
they loue her, & prooue her, and wot ye why?
¶ Forsooth to see her subtilnesse, & wily way,
Whē they (God knows) mean nothing lesse
than they do say:
For when they see they may her win,
They leaue then where they did begin.
they prate and make the matter nice,
And leaue her in fooles paradice.
¶ Wherefore of such (good Ladie now)
wisely beware,
Least flinging fancies in their brow,
do breed you care:
And at the first giue them the checke,
Least they at last giue you the geck,
And scornfully disdaine ye then,
In faith there are such kind of men.

¶ But

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to sundrie new Tunes.

¶But I am none of those indeed,
beleeue me now:
I am your man if you me need,
I make a vow:
To serue you without doublenesse:
With feruent heart my owne mistresse,
Demaund me, commaund me,
what please ye, and whan,
I wil be stil readie, as I am true man.

A new Sonet of Pyramus and Thisbie.

To the, Downe right Squier.

YOu Dames (I say) that climbe the (mount
of Helicon,
Come on with me, and giue account,
what hath been don:
Come tell the chaunce ye Muses all,
and dolefull newes,
Which on these Louers did befall,
which I accuse.
In Babilon not long agone,
A noble Prince did dwell:
whose daughter bright dimd eth ones light,
so farre she did excel.
¶An other Lord of high renowne,
who had a sonne:
And dwelling there within the towne,
great loue begunne:
Pyramus this noble Knight,
I tel you true:

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Who with the loue of Thisbie bright,
did cares renue:
It came to paſſe, their ſecrets was,
beknowne vnto them both:
And then in minde, they place do finde,
where they their loue vnclothe.
¶ This loue they vſe long tract of time,
till it befell:
At laſt they promiſed to meet at prime,
by Minus well:
Where they might louingly imbrace,
in loues delight:
That he might ſee his Thisbies face,
and ſhe his ſight:
In ioyful caſe, ſhe approcht the place,
where ſhe her Pyramus
Had thought to viewd, but was renewd,
to them moſt dolorous.
¶ Thus while ſhe ſtaies for Pyramus,
there did proceed:
Out of the wood a Lion fierce,
made Thisbie dreed:
And as in haſte ſhe fled awaie,
her Mantle fine:
The Lion tare in ſtead of praie,
till that the time
That Pyramus proceeded thus,
and ſee how lion tare
The Mantle this of Thisbie his,
he deſperately doth fare,

¶ For

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¶ For why he thought the lion had,
faire Thisbie ſlaine.
And then the beaſt with his bright blade,
he ſlew certaine:
Then made he mone and ſaid alas,
(O wretched wight)
Now art thou in a woful caſe
for Thisbie bright:
Oh Gods aboue, my faithfull loue
ſhal neuer faile this need:
For this my breath by fatall death,
ſhal weaue Atropos threed.
¶ Then from his ſheathe he drew his blade,
and to his hart
He thruſt the point, and life did vade,
with painfull ſmart:
Then Thisbie ſhe from cabin came
with pleaſure great,
And to the well apace ſhe ran,
there for to treat:
And to diſcuſſe, to Pyramus
of al her former feares.
And when ſlaine ſhe, found him truly,
ſhe ſhed fourth bitter teares.
¶ When ſorrow great that ſhe had made,
ſhe took in hand
The bloudie knife, to end her life,
by fatall hand.
You Ladies all, peruſe and ſee,
the faithfulneſſe,

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How theſe two Louers did agree,
to die in diſtreſſe:
You Muſes waſle, and do not ſaſle,
but ſtill do you lament:
Theſe louers twaine, who with ſuch paine,
did die ſo well content.

Finis. I. Tomſon.

A Sonet of a Louer in the praise of his lady.
To Calen o Cuſture me: ſung at euerie lines end.

WHē as I view your comly grace, Ca. &c
Your golden haires, your angels face:
Your azured veines much like the ſkies,
Your ſiluer teeth, your Chriſtall eies.
Your Coralll lips, your crimſon cheeks,
That Gods and men both loue and leekes.
¶ Your pretie mouth with diuers gifts,
Which driueth wiſe men to their ſhifts:
So braue, ſo fine, ſo trim, ſo yong,
With heauenlie wit and pleaſant tongue,
That Pallas though ſhe did excell,
Could frame ne tel a tale ſo well.
¶ Your voice ſo ſweet, your necke ſo white,
your bodie fine and ſmall in ſight:
Your fingers long ſo nimble be,
To vtter forth ſuch harmonie,
As all the Muſes for a ſpace:
To ſit and heare do giue you place.
¶ Your pretie foot with all the reſt,
That may be ſeene or may be geſt:

Doth

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Doth beare ſuch ſhape, that beautie may
Giue place to thee and go her way:
And Paris nowe muſt change his doome,
For Venus lo muſt giue thee roome.
¶ Whoſe gleams doth heat my hart as fier,
Although I burne, yet would I nier:
Within my ſelfe then can I ſay:
The night is gone, behold the day:
Behold the ſtar ſo cleare and bright,
As dimmes the light of Phœbus light:
¶ Whoſe fame by pen for to diſcriue,
Doth paſſe ech wight that is aliue:
Then how dare I with boldned face,
Preſume to craue or wiſh your grace?
And thus amazed as I ſtand,
Not feeling ſenſe, nor mouing hand.
¶ My ſoule with ſilence mouing ſenſe,
Doth wiſh of God with reuerence,
Long life, and vertue you poſſeſſe:
To match thoſe gifts of worthineſſe,
And loue and pitie may be ſpide,
To be your chief and onely guide.

¶ A proper Sonet, Intituled, Maid, wil you marrie. TO the Blacke Almaine.

MAid, wil you marie? I pray ſir tarie,
I am not diſpoſed to wed a:
For he y' ſhal haue me, wil neuer de-
he ſhal haue my maidehed a. (ny me
Why then you wil not wed me?
No ſure ſire I haue ſped me,

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You must go seeke some other wight,
That better may your heart delight.
For I am sped I tell you true,
beleeu me it greeuis me, I may not haue you,
To wed you & bed you as a woman shold be
¶ For if I could, be sure I would,
consent to your desire:
I would not doubt, to bring about,
ech thing you would require:
But promise now is made,
Which cannot be staide:
It is a womans honestie,
To keep her promise faithfully.
And so I do meane til death to do,
Consider and gather, that this is true:
Choose it, and vse it, the honester you.
¶ But if you seek, for to misleeke,
with this that I haue done:
Or else disdaine, that I so plaine
this talke with you haue begone:
Farewell I wil not let you,
He fisheth wel that gets you.
And sure I thinke your other friend,
Wil prooue a Cuckold in the end:
But he wil take heed if he be wise,
To watch you & catch you, with Argus eies,
Besetting and letting your wonted guise.
¶ Although the Cat doth winke a while,
yet sure she is not blinde:

It

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It is the wate for to beguile,
the Mice that run behind:
And if she see them running,
Then straightway she is comming:
Upon their head she claps her foote,
To striue with her it is no boote.
The seelie poore Mice dare neuer play,
She catcheth and snatcheth them euery day,
Yet whip they, & skip they, whē she is away.
¶ And if perhaps they fall in trap,
to death then must they yeeld:
They were better thē, to haue kept their den
than straie abroad the field:
But they that will be ranging,
Shall soone repent their changing:
And so shall you ere it be long,
Wherefore remember well my song:
And do not snuffe though I be plaine,
But cherily, merily, take the same.
For huffing & snuffing deserueth blame.
¶ For where you say you must obay,
the promise you haue made,
So sure as I wil neuer flie,
from that I haue said:
Therefore to them I leaue you,
Which gladly wil receiue you:
You must go choose some other mate,
According to your own estate.
For I do meane to liue in rest,

Go

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Go ſeek you, and ſeek you an other gueſt,
And choole him, and vſe him, as you like beſt.
The ioy of Virginitie: to, The Gods of loue

I Iudge and ſinde, how God doth minde,
to furniſh, to furniſh
his heauenly throne aboue,
With virgins pure, this am I ſure,
without mille, without mille:
with other Saints he doth loue:
It is allowed as you may reade,
And eke auowed by Paul indeede,
Virginitie is accepted,
a thing high in Gods ſight:
Though marriage is ſelected,
a thing to be moſt right:
yet muſt I praiſe Virginitie,
For I would faine a Virgin be.
¶ You Virgins pure, your ſelues allure,
and credite, and credite:
great ioy you ſhall poſſeſſe,
Which I (God knows) cannot diſclooſe,
nor ſpreade it, nor ſpreade it,
ne yet by pen expreſſe.
Nor halfe the ioies that you ſhall ſinde,
I can not iudge for you aſſignde:
When hence your ghoſt ſhall yeelded be,
into the throne of bliſſe:
In chaſte and pure Virginitie,
for thought or deed ywiſſe:
Wher you ſhal raign, with God on hie
For euermore eternally. And

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to ſundrie new Tunes.

¶And when doubtleſſe, you ſhal poſſeſſe,
with Jeſus, with Jeſus,
theſe ioies celeſtiall.
Then Ladie Fame, wil blaze your name,
amongſt vs, amongſt vs,
which then on earth raigne ſhal.
She wil reſound in euerie coaſt,
By trumpet ſound, and wil you boaſt?
So that although you do depart
This mortall life ſo vaine:
Your chaſtitie in euerie heart,
by memorie ſhall remaine.
But hard it is, I laie no more,
To finde an hundreth in a ſcore. Finis.

¶A warning for Wooers, that they be not ouer haſtie, nor deceiued with womens beautie. To, Salisburie Plaine.

YE louing wormes come learne of me
The plagues to leaue that linked be:
The grudge, the grief, the gret anoy,
The fickle faith, the fading ioy:
in time, take heed,
In fruitleſſe ſoile ſow not thy ſeed:
buie not, with coſt,
the thing that yeelds but labour loſt.
¶If Cupids dart do chance to light,
So that affection dimmes thy ſight,
Then raiſe vp reaſon by and by,
With ſkill thy heart to fortifie

Wheer

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Where is a breach,
Oft times too late doth come the Leach:
Sparks are put out,
when fornace flames do rage about.
¶Thine owne delay muſt win the field,
When luſt doth leade thy heart to yeeld:
When ſteed is ſtolne, who makes al faſt,
May go on foot for al his haſte:
In time ſhut gate,
For had I wiſt, doth come too late,
Faſt bind, faſt find,
Repentance alwaies commeth behind.
¶The Syrens times oft time beguiles,
So doth the teares of Crocodiles:
But who ſo learnes Vlyſſes lore,
May paſſe the ſeas, and win the ſhore.
Stop eares, ſtand faſt,
Through Cupids trips, thou ſhalt him caſt:
Flie baits, ſhun hookes,
Be thou not ſnarde with louely lookes.
¶Where Venus hath the maiſterie,
There loue hath loſt her libertie:
where loue doth win the victorie,
The fort is ſackt with crueltie.
First look, then leap,
In ſuretie ſo your ſhinnes you keepe:
The ſnake doth ſting,
That lurking lieth with hiſſing.
Where Cupids fort hath made a waie,
There graue aduiſe doth beare no ſwaie,
where

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to sundrie new Tunes.

Where Loue doth raigne and rule the roste,
There reason is exilde the coast:
Like all, loue none, except ye vse discretion.
First try, thē trust, be not deceiued with sinsul
¶Marke Priams sonne, his fond deuise (lust,
When Venus did obtaine the price:
For Pallas skil and Iunoes strength,
He chose that bred his bane at length.
Choose wit, leaue wil, let Helen be wi Paris stil:
Amis goeth al, wher facie forceth fooles to fall.
¶Where was there found a happier wight,
Than Troylus was til loue did light?
What was the end of Romeus.
Did he not die like Piramus
who bathes in blis? let him be mindful of Iphis
who seeks to plese, may riddē be like Hercules.
¶I lothe to tel the peeuish brawles,
And fond delights of Cupids thrawles,
Like momish mates of Midas mood,
They gape to get that doth no good: (Cup
Now down, now vp, as tapsters vse to tosse y'
One breedeth ioy, another breeds as great anoy
¶Some loue for wealth, and some for hue,
And none of both these loues are true.
For when the Mil hath lost hir sailes,
Then must the Miller lose his vailes:
Of gralle commeth hay,
And flowers faire wil soon decay:
Of ripe commeth rotten,
In age al beautie is forgotten.

Some

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Some loueth too hie, and some too lowe,
And of them both great griefs do grow,
And some do loue the common sort:
And common folke vse common sport.
Looke not too hie,
Least that a chip fall in thine eie:
But hie or lowe,
Ye may be sure she is a shrow.
¶ But sirs, I vse to tell no tales,
Eth fish that swims doth not beare scales,
In euerie hedge I finde not thornes:
Nor euerie beast doth carrie hornes:
I saie not so,
That euerie woman causeth wo:
That were too broad,
Who loueth not venom must shun the tode.
¶ Who vseth still the truth to tel,
May blamed be though he saie wel:
Say Crowe is white, and snowe is blacke,
Lay not the fault on womans backe,
Thousands were good,
But few scapte drowning in Noes flood:
Most are wel bent,
I must say so, least I be shent. Finis.

¶ An excellent Song of an outcast Louer.
To, All in a Garden green.

My fancie did I fire,
in faithful forme and frame:
in hope ther shuld no blustring blast
haue power to moue the same.
¶ And

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¶ And as the Gods do know,
and world can witneſſe beare:
I neuer ſerued other Saint,
nor Idoll other where.
¶ But one, and that was ſhe,
whom I in heart did ſhrine:
And made account that pretious pearle,
and iewel rich was mine.
¶ No toile, nor labour great,
could wearie me herein:
For ſtil I had a Iaſons heart,
the golden fleece to win.
¶ And ſure my ſute was hearde,
I ſpent no time in vaine:
A grant of friendſhip at her hand,
I got to quite my paine.
With ſolemne vowe and othe.
was knit the True-loue knot,
And friendly did we treat of loue,
as place and time we got.
¶ Now would we ſend our ſighes,
as far as they might go,
Now would we worke with open ſignes,
to blaze our inward wo.
¶ Now rings and tokens too,
renude our friendſhip ſtil,
And ech deuice that could be wrought,
expreſt our plaine goodwill,
True meaning went withall,
it cannot be denide:

Per-

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Performance of the promise past,
was hopte for of ech side:
¶And lookt for out of hand:
such vowes did we two make,
As God himself had present been,
record thereof to take.
¶And for my part I sweare,
by all the Gods aboue,
I neuer thought of other friend,
nor sought for other loue.
¶The same consent in her,
I saw ful oft appeare,
If eies could see, or head could iudge,
or eare had power to heare.
¶Yet loe words are but winde,
an other new come guest,
Hath won her fauour (as I feare)
as fancies rise in brest.
Her friend that wel deserues,
is out of countenaunce quite,
She makes the game to see me shoot,
while others hit the white.
He way wel beat the bush,
as manie thousands doo:
And misse the birds, and haply loose
his part of feathers too.
¶He hops without the ring,
yet dauncetb on the trace,
When some come after soft and faire,
a heauie hobling pace.

¶In

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¶ In theſe vnconſtant daies,
ſuch troth theſe women haue:
As wauering as the aſpen leaf
they are, ſo God me ſaue.
¶ For no deſerts of men
are weid, what ere they be:
For in a mood their minds are led
with new delights we ſee.
¶ The guiltleſſe goeth to wrack,
the gorgeous peacocks gay:
They do eſteem vpon no cauſe,
and turne their friends away.
¶ I blame not al for one,
ſome flowers grow by the weeds,
Some are as ſure as lock and key,
and iuſt of words and deeds.
¶ And yet of one I waile,
of one I crie and plaine:
And for her ſake ſhall neuer none,
ſo nip my heart againe:
¶ If for offence or fault,
I had been floong at heele:
The leſſe had been my bitter ſmart,
and gnawing greefe I feele.
¶ But being once reteind,
a friend by her conſent:
And after that to be diſdaind,
when beſt good will I ment,
¶ I take it nothing well,
for if my power could ſhow,

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With Larum bel and open crie,
the world should throughly know.

The complaint of a woman Louer,

To the tune of, Raging loue.

THough wisdom wold I should refrain,
My heaped cares here to vnfold:
Good Ladies yet my inward paine,
So pricketh me I haue no holde:
But that I must my griefe bewray,
Bedewed in teares with doleful tunes,
That you may heare, and after say,
Loe, this is she whom loue consumes.
¶ My grief doth grow by my desire.
To fancie him that stormes my woe:
He naught regards my flaming fire,
Alas why doth he serue me so?
Whose fained teares I did beleeue,
And wept to heare his wailing voice,
But now, alas, too soon I preeue,
Al men are false, there is no choice.
¶ Had euer woman such reward,
At anie time for her goodwill?
Had euer woman hap so hard,
So cruelly for loue to spill?
What paps (alas) did giue him food,
That thus vnkindly workes my wo?
What beast is of so cruell moode,
to hate the hart that loues him so?
¶ Like as the simple Turtle true,
In mourning groanes I spend the day:

My

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My daily cares night dooth renew,
To thinke how he did me betray:
And when my weary limmes wold rest,
My sleepe vnsound hath dreadfull dreams,
Thus greeuous greefes my hart doth wrest
That stil mine eies run down like streams:
¶ And yet, full oft it dooth me good,
To haunt the place where he hath beene,
To kisse the ground whereon he stoode,
When he (alas) my loue did win.
To kisse the Bed wheron we laye?
Now may I thinke vnto my paine,
O blissfull place full oft I say:
Render to me my loue againe,
¶ But all is lost that may not be,
Another dooth possesse my right:
His cruell hart, disdaineth me,
New loue hath put the olde, to flight:
He loues to see my watered eyes,
and laughes to see how I do pine:
No words can well my woes comprise,
alas what griefe is like to mine?
¶ You comly Dams, beware by me,
To rue sweete words of fickle trust:
For I may well example be,
How filed talke oft prooues vnjust
But sith deceipt haps to my pay,
Good Ladyes helpe my dolefull tunes,
That you may here and after say:
Loe this is she whom loue consumes.

A proper ſonet, Intituled: I ſmile to ſee how you deuiſe. To anie pleaſant tune.

I Smile to ſee how you deuiſe,
New maſking nets my eies to bleare:
your ſelf you cannot ſo diſguiſe:
But as you are, you muſt appeare.
¶ your priuie winkes at boord I ſee,
And how you ſet your rouing mind:
your ſelfe you cannot hide from me,
Although I wincke, I am not blind.
¶ The ſecret ſighs and fained cheare,
That oft doth paine thy carefull breſt:
To me right plainly doth appeare,
I ſee in whom thy hart doth reſt.
¶ And though thou makeſt a fained vow,
That loue no more thy heart ſhould nip,
yet think I know as well as thou,
The fickle helm doth guide the ſhip.
¶ The Salamander in the fire,
By courſe of kinde doth bathe his limmes:
The floting Fiſh taketh his deſire,
In running ſtreams whereas he ſwimmes.
¶ So thou in change doſt take delight,
Ful wel I know thy ſlipperie kinde:
In vaine thou ſeemſt to dim my ſight,
Thy rowling eies bewraieth thy minde.
¶ I ſee him ſmile that doth poſſeſſe
Thy loue which once I honoured moſt:
If he be wiſe, he may well geſſe,
Thy loue ſoon won, wil ſoon be loſt.

And

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to ſundrie new Tunes.

¶ And ſith thou canſt no man intice,
That he ſhould ſtil loue thee alone:
Thy beautie now hath loſt her price,
I ſee thy ſauorie ſent is gone.
¶ Therefore leaue off thy wonted plaie,
But, as thou art, thou wilt appeare,
Unleſſe thou canſt deuiſe a waie,
To dark the Sun that ſhines ſo cleare.
¶ And keep thy friend that thou haſt won,
In trueth to him thy loue ſupplie,
Leaſt he at length as I haue done,
Take off thy Belles and let thee flie.

A Sonet of two faithfull Louers, exhorting one another to be conſtant.

To the tune of Kypaſcie.

THe famous Prince of Macedon,
whoſe wars increſt his worthy name
Triumphed not ſo, when he had won
By conqueſt great, immortall fame,
As I reioice, reioice,
For thee, my choice, with heart and voice,
Since thou art mine,
Whom, long to loue, the Gods aſſigne.
¶ The ſecret flames of this my loue,
The ſtars had wrought ere I was borne,
Whoſe ſugred force my hart doth moue,
And eke my will ſo ſure hath ſworne.
that Fortunes lore, no more,
though I therefore, did life abhore:
Shall neuer make,
Forgetful dewes my heat to flake.

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¶ If that I falſe my faith to thee,
Or ſeeke to chaunge for any newe:
If thoughts appeare ſo ill in me,
If thou thy life ſhall iuſtly rew,
Such kinde of woe, of woe:
As friende or foe, might to me ſhowe:
Betide me than,
Or wurſe, if it may hap to man.
¶ Then let vs ioy in this our loue:
In ſpite of Fortunes wrath, my deere:
Twoo willes in one, as dooth behooue,
One loue in both, let ſtill appeare:
And I will be, will be,
Piramus to thee, my owne Thisbie,
So thou againe,
My conſtant louer ſhalt remaine.

A proper new Dity: Intituled. Fie vpō Loue and al his lawes. To the tune of lumber me.

SUch bitter fruict thy loue doth yeelde,
Such broken ſleepes, ſuch hope vnſure,
Thy call ſo oft hath me beguilde.
That I vnneth can well indure:
But crie (alas) as I haue cauſe,
Fie vpon Loue and all his Lawes.
¶ Like Piramus, I ſigh and grone,
Whom Stonie walls, keept from his loue,
And as the woful Palemon,
A thouſand ſtormes, for thee I prooue,
Yet thou a cruell Tigers whelpe,
All ſlaieſt the hart, whom thou maiſt help.

A

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¶ A craggie Rocke, thy Cradle, was,
And Tigers milke sure was thy foode,
Wherby Dame Nature broought to passe,
That like the Nurse should be thy moode:
Wild and vnkinde, cruell and fell,
to rent the hart that loues thee well.
¶ The Crocadile with fained teares,
The Fisher not so oft beguiles:
As thou hast luld my stinted eares,
To here sweet words full fraught w̃ wiles,
that I may say, as I doo prooue,
Wo worth the time, I give to loue.
¶ Sith thou hast vowd to worke my wrack
And hast no will my wealth to way:
Farewell vnkinde, I will keepe backe,
Such toyes as may my helth decay:
and still will cry as I haue cause.
Fie vpon Loue and all his lawes.

The Louer being wounded with his Ladis beutie, requireth mercy.

To the tune of Apelles.

THe liuelie sparkes of those two eyes,
my wounded hart hath set on fire:
And since I can no way deuise,
To stay the rage of my desire,
with sighs and trembling tears I craue
my deare on me some pity haue.
¶ In bewing thee, I tooke such ioy,
As one that sought his quiet rest:
Untill I felt the fethered boy,

Aye

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Ay flickring in my captiue breſt:
Since that time loe, in deepe diſpaire,
all voide of ioy, my time I weare.
¶ The wofull priſoner Palemon,
And Troylus eke kinge Pyramus ſonne,
Conſtrained by loue did neuer mone:
As I my deer for thee haue done.
Let pitie then requite my paines,
My life and death in thee remaines.
¶ If conſtant loue may reape his hire,
And faith vnfained may purchace:
Great hope I haue to my deſire.
Your gentle hart wil grant me grace,
Til then (my deer) in few words plaine,
In penſiue thoughts I ſhall remaine.

The lamentation of a woman being wrongfully defamed. To the tune of Damon & Pithias.

YOu Ladies falſly deemd,
of anie fault or crime:
Command your penſiue harts to help
this dolefull tune of mine:
For ſpitefull men there are,
that faults would fain eſpie:
Alas, what heart would heare their talke,
but willingly would die.
¶ I waile oft times in woe,
and curſe mine houre of birth,
Such ſlanderous pangs do me oppreſſe,
when others ioy in mirth:

Belike

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to ſundrie new Tunes.

Belike it was ordaind to be my deſtinie.
Alas what heart would heare their talk, &c.
¶ A thouſand good women,
haue guiltleſſe been accuſde:
For verie ſpite, although that they,
their bodies neuer abuſde:
the godly Suſāna accuſed was falſly alas &c.
¶ The poiſoned Pancalier,
ful falſly did accuſe
The good Dutcheſſe of Sauoy,
becauſe ſhe did refuſe.
To grant vnto his loue,
that was ſo vngodlie. Alas what, &c.
¶ Such falſe diſſembling men,
ſtoong with Alectos dart:
Muſt needs haue place to ſpit their ſpite,
vpon ſome guiltleſſe hart:
Therefore, I muſt be pleaſde,
that they triumph on me, Alas, &c.
¶ Therefore, Lord, I thee pray,
the like death downe to ſend,
Vpon theſe falſe ſuſpected men,
or elſe their minds t'amend:
As thou haſt done before,
vnto theſe perſons three. Alas what, &c.

A proper Song, Intituled: Fain wold I haue
a pretie thing to giue vnto my Ladie.

To the tune of luſtie Gallant.

¶ Fain would I haue a pretie thing,
to giue vnto my Ladie:

I name

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I name no thing, nor I meane no thing,
But as pretie a thing as may bee.

TWentie iorneyes would I make,
and twentie waies would hie me,
To make aduenture for her sake,
to set some matter by me:
But I would faine haue a pretie thing, &c.
I name nothing, nor I meane nothing, &c.
¶Some do long for pretie knackes,
and some for straunge deuices:
God send me that my Ladie lackes,
I care not what the price is, thus faine, &c.
¶Some goe here, and some go there,
wheare gales be not geason:
And I goe gaping euery where,
but still come out of season. Yet faine, &c.
¶I walke the towne, and tread the streete,
in euery corner seeking:
The pretie thinge I cannot meete,
thats for my Ladies liking. Faine, &c.
¶The Mercers pull me going by,
the Silkie wiues say, what lacke ye?
The thing you haue not, then say I,
ye foolish fooles, go packe ye. But fain &c.
¶It is not all the Silke in Cheape,
nor all the golden treasure:
Nor twentie Bushels on a heape,
can do my Ladie pleasure. But faine, &c.
¶The Grauers of the golden showes,
with Iuelles do beset me.

The

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to ſundrie new Tunes.

The Shemſters in the ſhoppes that ſowes,
they do nothing but let me: But faine, &c.
¶ But were it in the wit of man,
by any meanes to make it,
I could for Money buy it than,
and ſay, faire Lady, take it. Thus, fain, &c.
¶ O Lady, what a lucke is this:
that my good willing miſleth:
To finde what pretie thing it is,
that my good Lady wiſheth.
Thus fain wold I haue had this preti thing
to giue vnto my Ladie:
I ſaid no harme, nor I ment no harme,
but as pretie a thing as may be.

A proper wooing Song, intituled: Maide will ye loue me: ye or no?

To the tune of the Marchaunts Daughter went ouer the fielde.

MAyde will ye loue me yea or no?
tell me the trothe, and let me goe.
It can be no leſſe then a ſinfull deed,
truſt me truely,
To linger a Louer that lookes to ſpeede,
in due time duely.
¶ You Maids that thinke your ſelus as fine,
As Venus and all the Muſes nine:
The Father himſelfe whē he firſt made mā
truſt me truely:
Made you for his help whē the world began
in due time duely.

Then

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¶ Then sith Gods wil was euen so.
Why should you disdaine you Louer tho?
But rather with a willing heart,
Loue him truely?
For in so doing, you do but your part,
Let reason rule ye.
¶ Consider (sweet) what sighs and sobbes,
Do nip my heart with cruell throbbes,
And al (my deer) for the loue of you,
Trust me truly:
But I hope that you wil some mercie show,
In due time duely.
¶ If that you do my case well way,
And shew some signe whereby I may
Haue some good hope of your good grace,
Trust me truely:
I count my selfe in a blessed case,
Let reason rule ye.
¶ And for my part, whilst I do liue,
To loue you most faithfully, my hād I giue,
Forsaking all other, for your sweet sake,
Trust me truly:
In token whereof, my troth I betake,
to your selfe most duely.
¶ And though for this time we must depart,
yet keep you this ring tru token of my hart,
Til time do serue, we meet againe,
Let reason rule ye.
Whē an answer of cōfort I trust to obtain,
In due time duly.

Now

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to ſundrie new Tunes.

Now muſt I depart with ſighing teares,
With ſobbing heart and burning eares:
Pale in the face, and faint as I may,
truſt me truly:
But I hope our next meeting, a ioyfull day,
in due time duly.

The painefull plight of a Louer oppreſſed
with the beautifull looks of his Lady.
To the tune of, I loued her ouer wel.

WHē as thy eies, y' wretched ſpies
did breed my cauſe of care:
And ſiſters three did full agree,
my fatall threed to ſpare.
Then let theſe words ingrauen be,
on toomb whereas I lie,
That here lies one whom ſpiteful loue,
hath cauſed for to die.
¶Somtimes I ſpend the night to end,
in dolors and in woe:
Somtime againe vnto my pain,
my chieſeſt ioy doth grow.
When as in minde, thy ſhape I finde,
as fancie doth me tell:
Whome nowe I knowe, as proofe doth (ſhow
I loued thee ouer wel.
¶How oft within my wreathed arme,
deſired I to folde:
Thy Chriſtall corps, of whom I ioyed,
more dearer than of golde.

But

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But now disdaine, dooth breede my paine,
and thou canst not denie:
But that I loued thee ouer well:
that caused me to die.
The hound that serues his Maisters will,
in raunging here and there,
The moyling Horse, that labours still,
his burthen great to beare:
In lew of paine, receiues againe,
of him which did him owe:
As Natures heast, wiles most and least
them thankefull for to showe.
¶ The Lyon and the Tyger fierce,
as Nature doth them binde:
For loue, like loue repay againe:
in Stories we doo finde:
Those beasts & birds, both wild & tame,
of frendships lore can tell:
But thy reply, willes me to die,
that loued thee ouer well.
¶ Therefore, my deare and Darling faire,
ensample take by those,
Which equally with loue againe,
their louing mindes dispose:
And giue him glee, whose death we see,
approcheth very nie:
Without he gaine, to ease his paine,
which loued thee hartely.
¶ Then shall thy say that see the same,
where euer that they goe:

And

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And wish for ay, as for thy pay,
all Nestors yeares to know:
And I no lesse then all the rest,
should wish thee health for aye:
Because thou hast heard my request,
and saued me from decay.

A faithfull vow of two constant Louers
To the new Rogero.

SHall distance part our loue,
or daily choice of chaunge?
Or spirites below, or Gods aboue,
haue power to make vs straunge:
¶ No nothing here on earth,
that kinde hath made or wrought,
Shall force me to forget.
good will so dearely bought,
¶ And for my part I vow,
to serue for terme of life:
Which promise may compare with her,
which was Vlisses wife.
¶ Which vow if I doo breake,
let vengeance on me fall,
Eche plague that on the earth may raigne,
I aske not one, but all.
¶ Though time may breede suspect,
to fill your hart with toyes:
And absence may a mischefe breede,
to let your wished ioyes:
¶ Yet thinke I haue a troth,
and honesty to keepe:

And

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And weigh the time your loue hath dwelt,
  within my hart ſo deep.
¶ And peiſe the words I ſpake,
  and marke my countenance then:
And let not ſlip no earneſt ſigh,
  if thou remember can.
¶ At leaſt forget no teares,
  that trickled downe my face:
And marke howe oft I wroong your hand,
  and blushed all the ſpace.
¶ Remember how I ſware,
  and ſtrook therewith my breſt:
In witneſſe when thou partſt me fro,
  my heart with thee ſhould reſt.
¶ Thinke on the eger lookes,
  full loth to leaue thy ſight,
That made the ſignes when that ſhe lift,
  to like no other wight.
¶ If this be out of thought,
  yet call to minde againe,
The buſie ſute, the much adoe,
  the labour and the paine,
¶ That at the firſt I had,
  ere thy good will I gate:
And think how for thy loue alone,
  I purchaſe partly hate.
¶ But all is one with me,
  my heart ſo ſetled is:
No friend, nor foe, nor want of wealth,
  ſhall neuer hurt in this.

Be

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to ſundrie new Tunes.

¶ Be conſtant now therefore,
and faithfull to the end?
Be carefull how we both may do,
to be ech others friend.
¶ With free and cleane conſent,
two hearts in one I knit:
Which for my part, I vow to keep,
and promiſe not to flit,
¶ Now let this vow be kept,
exchange thy heart for mine:
So ſhal two harts be in one breaſt,
and both of them be thine.

A ſorrowfull Sonet, made by M. George Mannington, at Cambridge Caſtle.

To the tune of Labandala Shot.

I Waſte in wo, I plunge in pain,
with ſorowing ſobs, I do complain,
With wallowing waues I wiſh to die,
I languiſh ſore whereas I lie,
In feare I faint in hope I holde,
With ruthe I runne, I was too holde:
As luckleſſe lot aſſigned me,
in dangerous dale of deſtinie:
Hope bids me ſmile, Feare bids me weep,
My ſeelie ſoule thus Care doth keep.
¶ Yea too too late I do repent,
the youthful yeares that I haue ſpent,
The retch leſſe race of careleſſe kinde;
which hath bewitcht my woful minde.

E

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Such is the chaunce, such is the state,
Of those that trust too much to fate.
No bragging boast of gentle blood,
What so he be, can do thee good:
No wit, no strength, nor beauties hue,
No friendly sute can death eschue.
¶ The dismall day hath had his wil,
And iustice seekes my life to spill:
Reuengement craues by rigorous law,
Whereof I little stood in awe:
The dolefull doom to end my life,
Bedect with care and worldlie strife:
And frowning iudge hath giuen his doome.
O gentle death thou art welcome:
The losse of life, I do not feare,
Then welcome death, the end of care.
¶ O prisoners poore, in dungeon deep,
Which passe the night in slumbring sleep:
Wel may you rue your youthful race.
And now lament your cursed case.
Content your selfe with your estate,
Impute no shame to sickle fate:
With wrong attempts, increase no wealth,
Regard the state of prosperous health:
And think on me, when I am dead:
Whom such delights haue lewdly led.
¶ My friend and parents, where euer you be
Full little do you thinke on me:
My mother milde, and dame so deer:
Thy louing childe, is kettred heer:

Would

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Would God I had, I wiſh too late,
Been bred and borne of meaner eſtate:
Or elſe, would God my rechleſſe eare,
Had been obedient for to heare,
Your ſage aduice and counſel true:
But in the Lord parents adue.
¶ You valiant hearts of youthfull train,
Which heard my heauie heart complain:
A good example take by me,
Which runne the race where euer you be:
truſt not too much to bilbow blade,
nor yet to fortunes fickle trade.
Hoiſt not your ſailes no more in winde,
Leaſt that ſome rocke, you chaunce to finde,
or elſe be driuen to Lybia land,
whereas the Barque may ſinck in ſand.
¶ You ſtudents all that preſent be,
To view my fatall deſtinie,
would God I could requite your pain,
wherein you labour, although in vain,
if mightie God would think it good,
to ſpare my life and vitall blood,
For this your profered curteſie,
I would remaine moſt ſtedfaſtly,
Your ſeruant true in deed and word,
But welcome death as pleaſe the Lord.
¶ Yea welcome death, the end of woe,
And farewell life, my fatall foe:
Yea welcome death, the end of ſtrife,
Adue the care of mortall life,

For though this life doth fleet away,
In heauen I hope to liue for ay:
A place of ioy and perfect reſt,
Which Chriſt hath purchaſte for the beſt:
Til that we meet in heauen moſt bleſt:
Adue, farewell in Jeſu Chriſt.

A proper Sonet, of an vnkinde Damſell, to to her faithful Louer. To, the nine Muſes.

THe ofter that I view and ſee,
That pleſant face and faire beautie,
whereto my heart is bound:
The neer my Miſtreſſe is to me,
My health is farthest off I ſee:
and freſher is my wound:
Like as the flame doth quench by fire,
or ſtreams conſume by raigne,
So doth the ſight that I deſire,
appeaſe my grief and paine:
Like a flie that doth hie,
and haſte into the fire:
So in brief, findes her grief,
that thought to ſport aſpire.
¶ When firſt I ſaw thoſe Chriſtal ſtreams,
I little thought on beauties beams:
ſweet venom to haue found,
But willful wil did prick me forth,
Perforce to take my grief in worth,
that cauſd my mortall wound:
And Cupid blind compeld me ſo,
my fruitleſſe hope to hide:

Wherein

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Wherein remaind my bitter wo:
hthus ſtil he did me guide;
Then his dart, to my hart,
he ſlung with cruell fiſt:
Whoſe poiſon kel, I know right wel,
no louer may reſiſt.
¶ Thus vainly ſtil, I frame my ſute,
Of ill ſowen ſeeds, ſuch is the frute,
experience doth it ſhow:
The fault is hers the pain is mine,
And thus my ſentence I define,
I hapned on a ſhrow:
And now beware, ye yongmen all,
Example take by mee:
Leaſt beauties bait in Cupids thrall,
do catch you priuily:
So ſtay you, I pray you,
and marke you my great wrong,
Forſaken, not taken,
thus end I now my ſong.

The Louer complaineth the abſence of his Ladie, wiſheth for death.

To, the new Almaine.

SIth ſpiteful ſpite hath ſpide her time,
my wiſhed ioies to end:
And drowping dread hath driuen me
from my new choſen friend: (now
I can but waile the want,
of this my former ioie:
Sith ſpiteful force hath ſought ſo long,
my bliſſe for to annoie. uB

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¶ But though it be our chance
asunder for to be,
My heart in pawne til we do meet,
Shal ſtil remaine with thee:
And then we ſhall renue,
our ſugred pleaſures paſt:
And loue that loue, that ſeekes no change,
whilſt life in vs do laſt.
¶ Perhaps my abſence may,
or elſe ſome other let:
By choice of change, cauſe thee my deer,
our former loue forget:
And thou renounce the oth,
which erſt thou vowdſt to me:
My deereſt blood in recompence,
thou ſure ſhouldſt ſhortly ſee.
A thouſand ſighs to ſend to thee I wil not let,
Ne to bewaile the loſſe of thee, I neuer will
But ſtil ſuppoſe I ſee, (forget
the ſame before my face:
And louingly between my armes,
thy corps I do embrace.
¶ Thus feed I fancie ſtil,
for lacke of greater ioy:
With ſuch like thoughts, which daily doth,
my wofull heart annoy:
thus ſtil in hope I liue,
my wiſhed ioies to haue:
And in diſpaire oft time I wiſh,
my feeble Corps in graue.

This

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to ſundrie new Tunes.

¶ This is the life I leade, til I thee see again
And so wil do, til dreadful death,
do seek to ease my paine,
who rather I do wish, by force to end in wo,
than for to liue in happie state,
thy loue for to forgo.
¶ And thus farewell my deer,
with whom my heart shall rest,
Remember him that this did write,
sith he doth loue thee best:
And wil til greedie death,
my daies do shorten now:
Farewel my dear, loe here my faith
and troth to thee I vow. Finis.

The Louer compareth him ſelf to the painful Falconer. TO the tune, I loued her ouer wel.

THe soaring hawk from fist that flies,
her Falconer doth constraine:
Sometime to range the ground vnto find her out againe: (known,
And if by sight or sound of bell,
his falcon he may see:
wo ho he cries, with cheerful voice,
the gladdest man is he.
¶ By Lure then in finest sort,
he seekes to bring her in:
But if that she, ful gorged be,
he can not so her win:
Although her becks and bending eies,
she manie proffers makes: wo

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Wo ho ho he cries, awaie ſhe flies,
and ſo her leaue ſhe takes.
¶ This wofull man with wearie limmes,
runnes wandring round about:
At length by noiſe of chattering Pies,
his hawke againe found out
His heart was glad his eies had ſeen,
his falcon ſwift of flight:
Wo ho ho he cries, ſhe emptie gorgde,
vpon his Lure doth light.
¶ How glad was then the falconer there,
no pen nor tongue can tel:
He ſwam in bliſſe that lately felt
like paines of cruel hel.
His hand ſomtime vpon her train,
ſomtime vpon her breſt:
Wo ho ho he cries with chearfull voice,
his heart was now at reſt.
¶ My deer likewiſe, beholde thy loue,
what paines he doth indure:
And now at length let pitie moue,
to ſtoup vnto his Lure.
A hood of ſilk, and ſiluer belles,
new gifts I promiſe thee:
Wo ho ho, I crie, I come then faie,
make me as glad as hee.

FINIS.

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NOTES.

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The following Notes, with the exception of the additions in brackets, are from the reprint in the "Heliconia."

Page 2. "*As lightly you can craue.*"] — *Lightly* is *commonly:* as in Shakspeare's *Richard III.*, "Short summers *lightly* have a forward spring;" and Ray's *Proverbs*, "There's lightning *lightly* before thunder."

Page 4. "*Rosemarie is for remembrance.*"] — This is the property assigned to the same herb, and almost in the same words, by Shakspeare's Ophelia. Mr. Malone observes, that rosemary, being supposed to strengthen the memory, was the emblem of fidelity in lovers. Mr. Steevens cites the following passage in accordance, from Chester's *Love's Martyr or Rosalin's Complaint*, 1601.

> There's *rosemarie:* the Arabians justifie
> It comforteth the braine and memorie.

See note on *Hamlet*, act iv. sc. 5. Cowley ascribes to *sage* the virtues here attributed to *rosemary*, and, from its strengthening and bracing powers, infers its high reputation among medicaments for the memory. See his first book of *Herbs*.

Page 4. "*Fenel is for flaterers, an euil thing it is sure.*"] — In the *Paradise of dayntie Devises*, a poem entitled "A bunche of herbes and flowers," speaks in disparagement of "the *fenell* too, that is more fit for some unfrendly gest."

Page 4. "*And wil continue in the same as you haue nowe begunne.*"] For *And*, the sense requires we should read *But*.

Page 5. "*Nor passe not what they say.*"] — By *passe not* is probably meant *report not*. [It may mean, *But pass by*.]

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Page 11. "*And vnto Gunuil hall.*"] — Or rather Gonville hall, Cambridge, founded in 1348 by Edmund de Gonville; and in 1557 advanced to Caius college by Dr. Caius, physician to Edward VI. and his royal sisters.

Page 15. "*Leaue off to flout now, and prick on your clout now.*"] — The *clout* was the white mark in the centre of the target at which archers took their aim.

Page 15. "*As bad or worse than I shal speed.*"] — *Than* for *then.* [Why so? The meaning seems to be, Though taunted by you I may boast that not a better man than myself shall succeed with you.]

Page 15. "*Good Nicibicetur.*"] — This looks like some cant term, but its meaning is not apparent to the present editor. [Conceited and hard to please.]

Page 19. "*Greensleeues was all my ioy.*"] — This song has been reprinted by Mr. Ellis in vol. iii. of his poetic *Specimens.* "The *tune* (he observes) appears to have acquired an extraordinary degree of popularity in the time of Shakspeare, and the ballad contains some particulars respecting female dress and manners during the sixteenth century, which may appear curious to the poetical antiquary." The song itself was licensed in 1580 to Richard Jones, the printer of this miscellany. Elderton, the noted ballad-maker, wrote a reprehension against Greensleeves, which was licensed in the same year; and other pieces that seem to have borne relationship thereto, are cited by Mr. Steevens in a note on the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act ii. sc. 1.

Page 20. "*Thy peticote of sendall right.*"] — Mr. Ellis, in explanation refers to Du Cange, voce *cendalum*, "a thin silk."

Page 21. "*And siluer aglets hanging by.*"] — *Aiglets*, from *aiguilette*, Fr.; a lace with tags.

Page 25. "*To the Quarter Braules.*"] — *Braul* was a French dance;

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and, from a description of the figure in Marston's *Malcontent*, it would seem to have resembled the *Cotillon*.

Page 29. The burden of *Ladie Ladie* had been observed by Mr. Malone to a song in an old morality printed in 1567. See his note on Shakspeare's introduction of it in *Twelfth Night*, act ii. sc. 3.

Page 29. "*Without all cure he died for loue.*"] — For *he* consistency would read *she*.

Page 31. "*To Cicilia Pauin.*"] — *Pavin* or *Pavan* was the name of a grave dance, imported either from Spain or Italy. The figures of this and other old dances are described in *MS. Rawl. Poet.* 108, in *Bodl. Bibl.* The *Cicilia Pavin* was probably a favourite tune, but ill adapted, it would seem, to vocal accompaniment.

Page 34. "*And leaue her in fooles paradice.*"] — Shakspeare introduces this term in his *Romeo and Juliet*, and Milton in his *Paradise Lost* assigns it to the *Limbus patrum* of the schoolmen.

Page 34. "*Least they at last giue you the geck.*"] — *Geck* is taunt, jibe, or sign of derision. See Jamieson's *Etymol. Dict.*

Page 35. "*A new sonet of Pyramus and Thisbie.*"] — This love-tale had been familiarised to the English reader by Chaucer's *Legend*, by Caxton's and by Golding's translations from *Ovid;* and in the *Gorgious Gallery* it was versified at some length. This "new sonet" may have also contributed to keep up its popularity, which was afterwards extended by Dunstan Gale's poem, and by Shakspeare's burlesque interlude in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. It was likewise ingeniously interwoven with a poem entitled *Silkwormes and their Flies*, which appeared in 1599.

Page 36. "*At last they promised to meet at prime, by Minus well.*"] — Rather *Ninus* well.

Page 37. "*He thrust the point, and life did vade.*"] — i.e. *did pass away*.

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Page 38. "*To Calen o Custure me.*"]—Mr. Malone has surmised that Pistol meant to repeat these unintelligible words in one of his swaggering rants. See Shakspeare's play of *Henry V.* act iv. sc. 4.

Page 39. "*Although I burne, yet would I nier.*"]—i.e. *nigher.* The meaning seems to be, "yet would I approach more near."

Page 40, *line* 5. Instead of *be*, the rhyme requires *do.* [Rather *you* in the previous line should be *ye.*]

Page 41. "*And do not snuffe though I be plaine.*"]—i.e. "*Do not be angry.*" Instances of the usages of this word in this sense occur in Shakspeare and other dramatists.

Page 42. "*Go seek you, and leek you.*"] — *Leek* for *look.*

Page 44. "*For had I wist.*"] — i.e. "*Had I known.*" This was proverbial. In Heywood's *Epigrammes vpon Prouerbes*, there is one on "Had I wist;" and in the *Par. of D. Devices* is a poem on the same motto.

Page 45. "*Amis goeth al.*"] — *Amis* for *amiss.*

Page 45. "*Who baths in blis.*"] — *Baths* for *bathes.* This was a favourite mode of poetical expression. See Gascoigne's *Weedes*, p. 181. Shenstone therefore did well to adopt it in his imitative lines on a gothic alcove:

O you that *bathe* in courtly *blysse.*

Page 48. "*He hops without the ring, yet daunceth on the trace.*"]—Qu. if an allusion to hop-scotch?

Page 50. "*To fancie him that stormes my woe.*"]—For *stormes* we should perhaps read *scornes.*

Page 51 "*How filed talke.*"] — i.e. *artfully polished* or *refined:* as in

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Lodge's address before Euphues' *Golden Legacie* — "Not bought with the allurement of a *filed* tongue."

Page 54. "*That I vnneth can well indure.*"] — *Unneth* is *scarcely.* ["*Unnethe* aboute hir mighte thay abyde." — Chaucer, *Clerkes Tale.*]

Page 55. "*As thou hast luld my* sleep to cares."] — We should rather read, — "As thou hast luld to sleep my cares." [The copy from which the reprint in *Heliconia* was made has transformed "stinted ears" in the original, into "sleep to cares." *Stinted* is *stopped.*]

Page 56. "*And Troylus eke kinge Pyramus sonne.*"] — We ought to read king *Priam's* son.

Page 57. "*The poisoned Pancalier, and good Dutchesse of Sauoy.*"] — This alludes to the sixth novel of Boisteau, where the story is told at large.

Page 58. "*And some for straunge deuices.*"] — These were on the point laces, called *point device.*

Page 60. "*Why should you disdaine you Louer tho?*"] — Used here for *then*, as in some of the old metrical romances. See Ritson's Glossary to his *Selection.*

Page 64. "*And peise the words I spake.*"] — *Peise*, from *peser*, Fr., to weigh or balance, is used by Spenser and Shakspeare.

Page 65. "*The retch lesse race of carelesse kinde.*"] — *Retchless* is *careless* according to Dr. Johnson, and in this place appears a pleonasm.

Page 67. "*Trust not too much to bilbow blade.*"] — At Bilboa, a city of Biscay in Spain, the best sword blades were manufactured. Hence Shakspeare speaks of "a good bilbo," in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act iii. sc. 5; and Spenser in his *Muiopotmos* introduces "Bilbo steele."

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Page 69. "*To, the new Almaine.*"] — The *Almaine, Allemaigne*, or *Allemand*, was a dance derived from Germany as its name imports. In a breviate of the notes or tunes to the ditties contained in Munday's *Banquet of daintie Conceits*, 1588, there is one entitled "The *olde* Allemaigne," to which this "*new* Allemaigne" might be nominally contrasted.

Page 71. "*But if that she, ful gorged be.*"] — In the *Book of St. Albans* a particular direction may be seen, "How ye shall guyde you, yf your hawke be *full goorgyd*, and ye wolde soone have a flyghte."

Page 72. "*Wo ho ho, I crie.*"] — When a hawk was in the air this was the call used by falconers to draw him down to them; as may be gathered from Hamlet's call to Marcellus, and from many of our old dramas.

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